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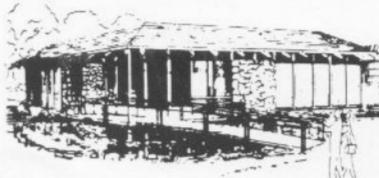
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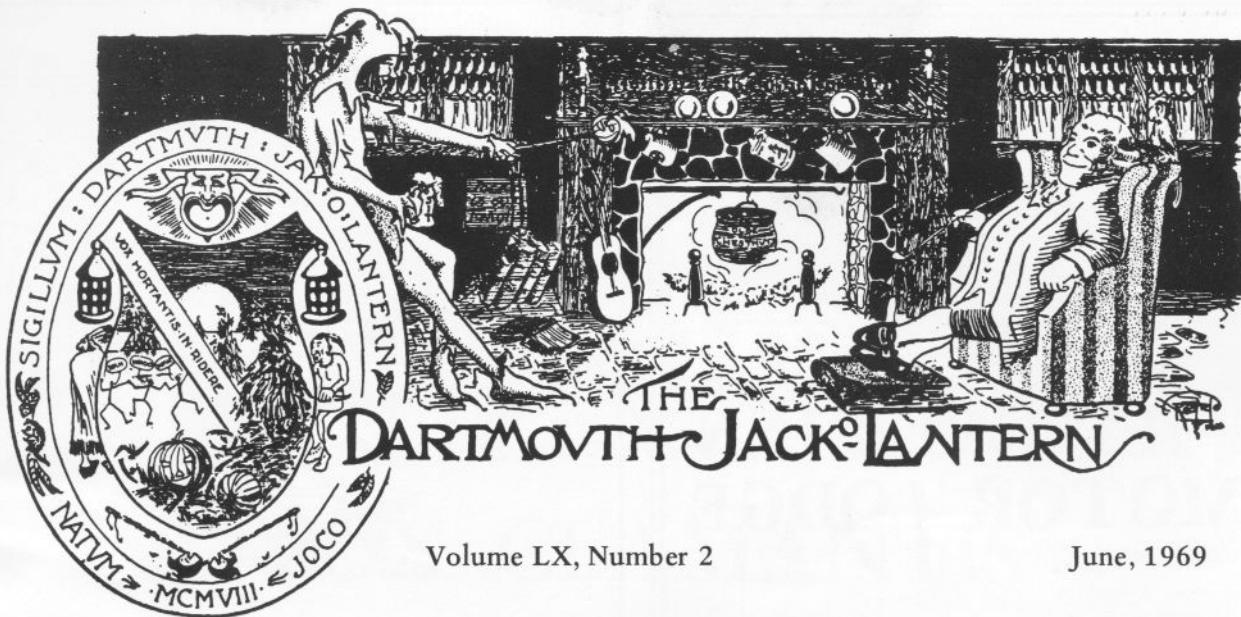
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Volume LX, Number 2

June, 1969

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Cover Design by Steve Singer

This ad is the result of a fine sales job by Tom Kenney '69.

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P.S. I didn't want to buy it.

—James McFate

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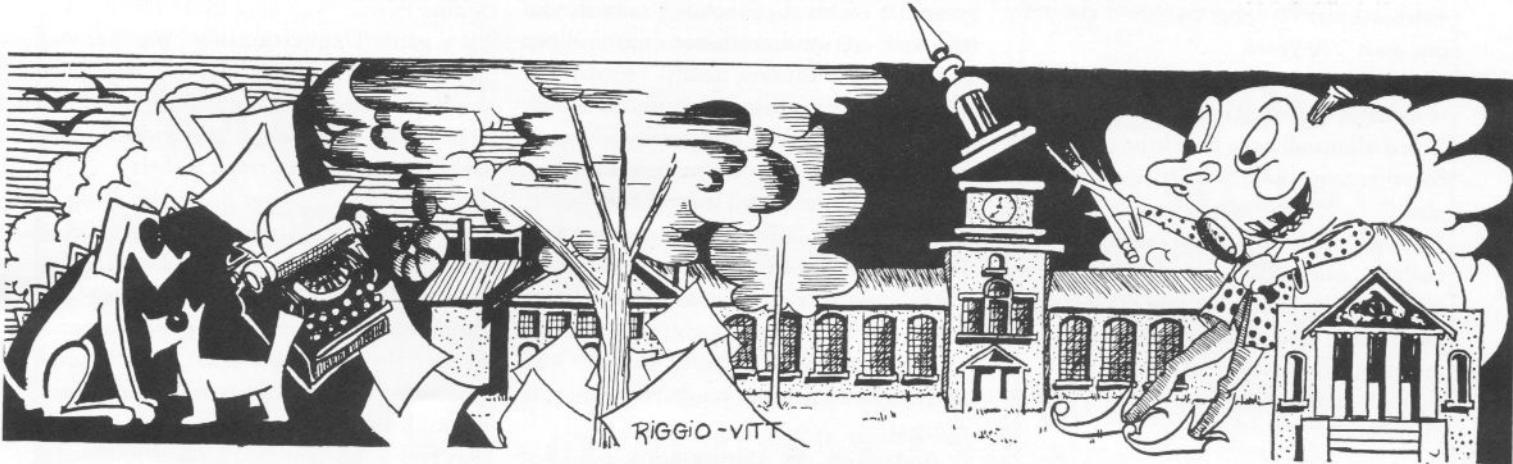


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VOX CLAMANTIS

The Northeast finally managed to dig itself out of another long, hard winter, but not before the freeze had taken its toll in the publishing world. Death struck quickly and claimed two great magazines early this year, leaving this nation of ours just a little bit less American.

The passing of the more venerable of these publications, *The Saturday Evening Post*, rocked the cosmos and undoubtedly caused its founder, the late Mr. Franklin, to roll over in his grave and wish he had stored up a few more pennies. But not even the memory of poor Ben was enough to save the ill-destined *Post*, gone now from this, the American scene, forever.

Perhaps slightly less noticed was the demise of a younger periodical, *The Dartmouth Jackolantern*, which departed for that big Obscenity in the Sky shortly after the commencement of the Winter Term at a small but oft-loved college in the wilds of New Hampshire. Cause of death has been determined, but the immediate family (i.e., the staff, stupid!) is withholding the exact details to save face.

YET REJOICE! for the day is not yet lost! The *Jacko* has risen from the arms of the dead and is once more on the newsstands of Hanover and the surrounding environs. Once again it is bringing chuckles and smiles, guffaws and laughter to its faithful readers (not that we have anything against unfaithful readers). Yes, West Virginia, the

Jackolantern is alive and well, not in Argentina but right here on the Dartmouth plain.

It would be unfair to say that ten years ago Dartmouth did not teach its students that there were problems Out There (a Big Green euphemism for the rest of the world). It was widely admitted even then that a well-rounded Ivy Leaguer needed to know a little about race problems, the ghetto, bigotry, hatred, war and the rest of those Uglies (though not *too* much about them). Yet it was also known that he was to do nothing about them.

Then, about five years ago, the White Man's Guilt, 20th Century style, caught up with Dartmouth, and the College began to ship its darling little proteges out to the ghetto, to the Negro schools, and to other widely-known unsavory spots. Dartmouth became officially Concerned and did Wonderful Things.

In the spirit of the times, certain Psychology and Sociology courses began to include tours of the Emmett mental institutions and jails in their curricula, in an effort to broaden the student's horizons. But human nature being human nature, the students were never allowed to see the real filth or visit the real weirdos on these tours. Moreover, the tours never lasted more than a few hours. All variables considered, it was hardly an accurate impression that the students were receiving, and they knew it.

And so, about a month ago, under the

guise of a totally absurd and pointless protest against ROTC, which had already been kicked off campus, some 50 students openly defied law in order to be committed to prison for a *closer* and *lengthier* look. Although rank amateurs, they succeeded in playing the role of radicals to the hilt, and so managed to befuddle the local Emmett Justice, one Martin F. Loughlin, that he fell into their trap and not only doubled their sentences but also sent them to six different jails, thus enabling the enterprising young students to examine a wider cross-section of criminal subculture than they had originally intended.

Such dedication to academic research is admirable in the so very young, and we hope their fact-finding mission has proved successful.

In case no one had noticed, the College is about to celebrate the 200th anniversary of its founding, and is this month officially kicking off its 18-month-long Bicentennial Celebration. A certain yellow campus publication dear to our hearts saw fit not long ago to strongly criticize the College for having a birthday at all, let alone a birthday party (a sure sign of neo-Fascist tendencies). As much as we at the *Jacko* hate to disagree with our publishing colleagues in the nether regions of Robinson Hell, we think it's quite all right to have birthdays, so long as you don't have more than one a year; and furthermore, that it is even acceptable to have Bicentennial

Celebrations, so long as you have only one each 200 years.

And so we hope that the College has a wonderful celebration, and that Big Green alums all over the globe (ah yes, all together now—let's sing it out loud and clear!) will be swept away by the nostalgia of the affair and reach into their wallets and pull out a Big Green donation. Perhaps then the College will put aside a few measly dollars and let us redecorate our shabby offices.

But don't bet the ranch on it, Sigismund.

In certain sections of the College and among poorly-selected elements, it was not at all clear that Dartmouth would survive its 199th year in sound enough condition to hold a

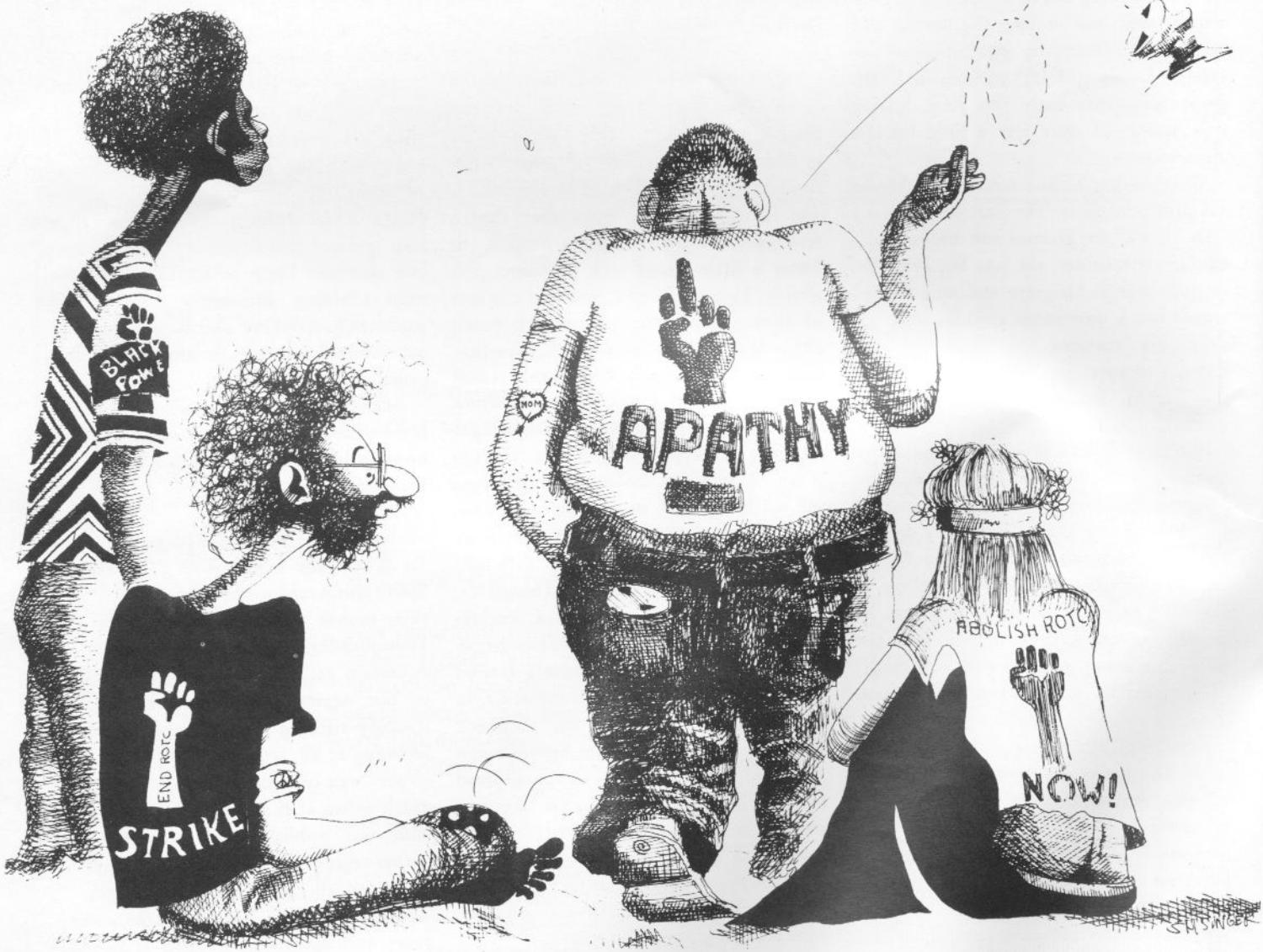
party. It seems that the arch-radicals and the arch-conservatives were constantly at each other's throats, ready to tear the College apart in their zeal either to 1) tear it apart, or 2) kill those attempting to realize point 1. As skirmishes began to break out more and more frequently, certain groups, who loudly protested to be moderate (in what sense it is not clear) moderately forecast that it would not be long before the already-tottering College would tumble down—unless all non-moderates were removed from the campus.

And then, in Dartmouth's hour of greatest need, a hero of moderate posture and conscience arose, Phoenix-like (though he is an independent), from his own offal and stepped forward to fight the foes on either side of his seat on the

Senior Fence. Was he a bird? Likely. Was he a pain? Unquestionably. Was he, was he... Superman? Hardly. He was only gross-mannered and unlikable Lawrence E.B.N.E.R. (Errant Blockhead and Nebbish against Extremist Rebels).

Larry-baby, looking quite the thing in his goatee, announced amid Great Fanfare and Pomp (an euphemism for Young Republican press releases) the formation of a new group on campus, SPAN. No one knew what SPAN stood for, or between, or what it was supposed to do, including Larry-baby. But it made him feel important that he had founded a counter-revolutionary group.

There was a rumor at one time that SPAN was supposed to increase political understanding among the Emmets, but this was obviously fraudulent as it is



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common knowledge that Emmets possess no understanding. It was also rumored that SPAN was a communist-front organization and that Larry-baby, beneath his facade, was really a fellow traveller, but this libel was promptly dismissed by the Soviet consul in Boston, who said the Communist Party would have no part of Mr. E.B.N.E.R.

And so, even to this date, SPAN remains a mystery. If only Larry-baby had done the same...

One final note before signing off: our conception of the essence of the American Dream was destroyed during a recent trip to the grocery. On this occasion it was discovered that popcorn, yes *popcorn* is no longer lily-white, but also red, blue, green and orange, depending upon one's own taste, or lack thereof. Or, the popcorn can be all five colors together, if you happen to be either liberal-minded or mentally unbalanced.

And, of course, there is a sixth color—charcoal black—if you don't happen to be a very good cook.



The Villanelle

I do not like the Villanelle;
It is a worthless sort of verse
And very difficult to sell.

It makes me scream and rant and yell
And howl and kick and swear and curse;
I do not like the Villanelle.

Too late, I've learned it's doggerel:
Mere rhymster's stuff—but what is worse,
It's very difficult to sell.

I've fallen sick, I am not well;
My misspent life has drained my purse.
I do not like the Villanelle.

I lie, half-starved, in my gray cell;
Half-crazed, I mutter to my nurse:
"It's very difficult to sell."

As I await the parting knell,
My final envoi shall be terse:
"I do not like the Villanelle—
It's very difficult to sell."

—Carl Japikse

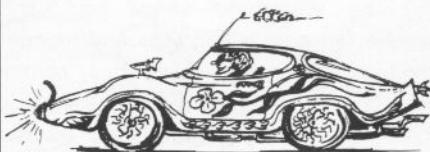
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The Antidote

A Short Story by Jerome Greguska

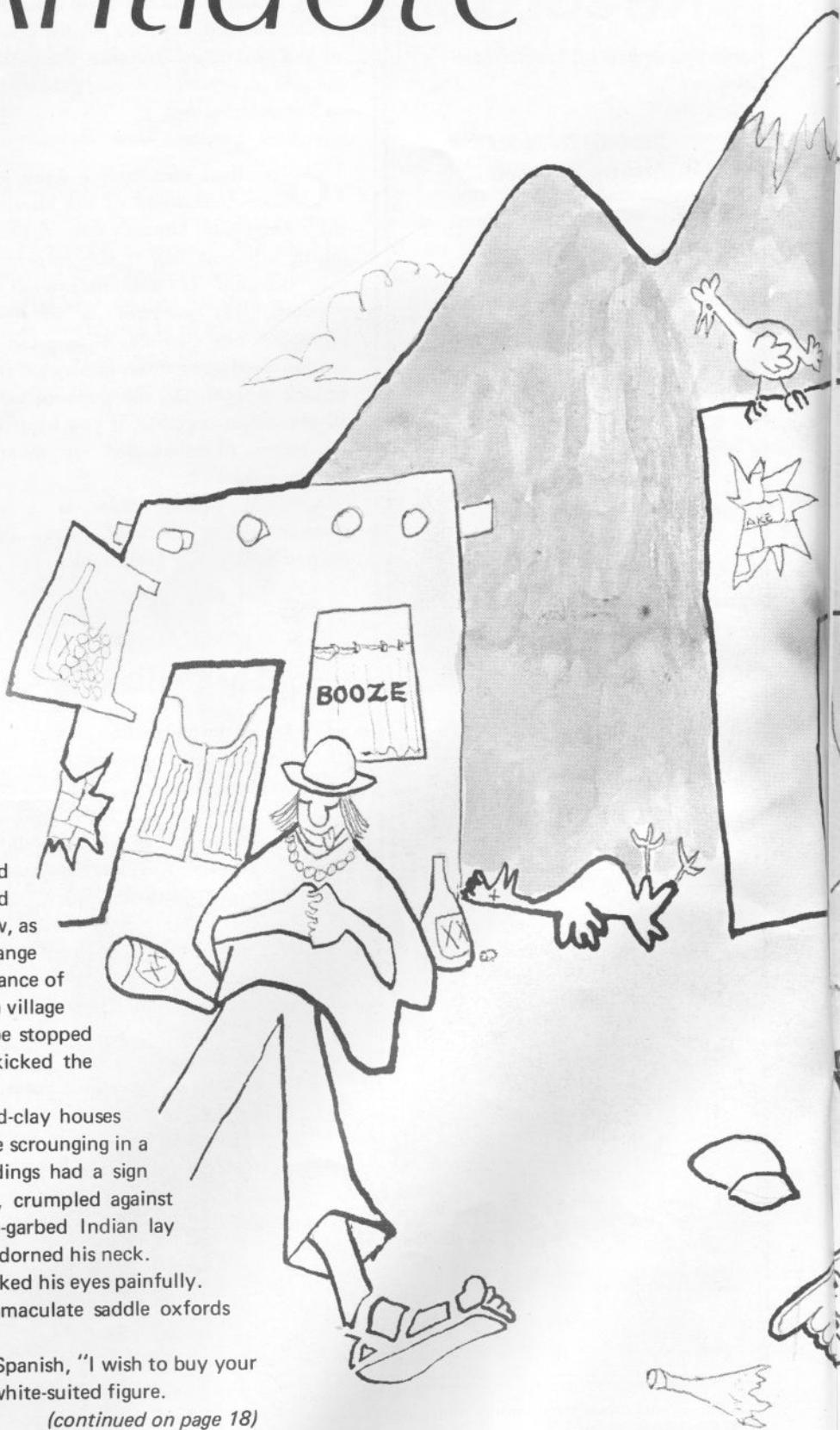
The last leg of the journey he rode llama-back, sitting high above the khaki rucksacks that bulged like water wings from the animal's sides. Despite his crew-cut red hair, freckles, bow tie and tropical white suit, he managed as he rode along to look coolly defiant, even noble; the steel-blue eyes shone of acquaintance with majesty and greatness, the lines sculptured about his features bespoke fantastic adventures and incredible hardships. Along the main road, sombreroed peasants had stared at the aloof stranger, whose proud bearing provoked their curiosity and admiration. But the Peruvian sun gradually roasted his face to match the color of his hair, so that now, as he paused on the ferny crest of a hill and the orange dawn melted around his head, he gave the appearance of a skinned cantelope. Below him, a small mountain village lay yawning in the thin morning air. "I can't be stopped now," he hissed through clenched teeth, and kicked the llama into a bone-jarring trot.

There was a little sign of life among the baked-clay houses of the village. A few mud-splattered chickens were scrounging in a mound of refuse. The largest of the clay buildings had a sign decorated with grapes and a bottle. Beneath it, crumpled against the steps like a deflated beach raft, a poncho-garbed Indian lay snoring. A string of curious, hazel-colored beads adorned his neck.

Presently the Indian stirred, groaning, and cracked his eyes painfully. Through a vermillion haze he saw a pair of immaculate saddle oxfords planted in the mud beside his leg.

"Your beads," a voice enunciated in precise Spanish, "I wish to buy your beads." Red sunlight spilled from the top of the white-suited figure.

(continued on page 18)





GROOVE PRESS

44 Bow Street
Cambridge, Mass. 01938

Dear Student,

The readership of this magazine has long been known to be the most wanton, worldly, lustful and lascivious group of young stallions in all of the Eastern United States. With this in mind, we of the Groove Press have decided to use you, the students of Dartmouth, as the market sample group for our most ambitious undertaking yet.

Thanks to recent Supreme Court rulings, we have at last been able to assemble under one cover a complete encyclopedia of erotica. This book will not only provide you with hours of edification as you leaf through its 845 pages (72 color photos, 98 black and white, and innumerable sketches and diagrams) but may profoundly alter your sexual identity!

We feel confident in predicting that Our Erotic Universe will outsell the previous all-time best seller, The Bible, in fiscal 1971. Can you afford not to buy a copy?

Our Erotic Universe is a magnificent example of how nations can cooperate for the betterment of humanity. At this very moment presses in Denmark are turning out the artful color photos. In nearby Sweden pressmen are lithographing the tantalizing black and white pictures; and in a printing plant outside Mexico City a dozen workers are laboring 19 hours a day to produce the explicit text and diagrams. Meanwhile in Montreal Jaques Perdu is busily silk-screening a stimulating design on thousands of covers. Soon all of the components will be bound together in our underground bindery and shipped to those wise individuals who had the foresight to reserve a copy of what is bound to be the greatest contribution to the art and science of erotica since Adam first socked it to Eve.

Below is an abbreviated description of just a few of the delights that this, the most comprehensive work of its kind, holds in store for you. If you feel that you are sufficiently versed not to need such a book, why not take our Quick Quiz to make sure. If you fall below the norms, we recommend, nay we prescribe this book to put you up with the scorers, where you belong.

Of course we will ship your volume in a tasteful plain brown wrapper, but it may have a slightly misleading label on it (such as "Textbook--Educational Material", "Childrens Literature Within", or possibly "Do Not Open--Prayer Books Enclosed"); this is merely a precaution against provincial postal workers.

Please consider our magnanimous offer carefully -- remember that this is a once in a lifetime opportunity and that your sexual prime is a once in a lifetime event.

Sincerely,

D. H. Miller

D. H. Miller, President.

A few of the most Outstanding Features in “Our Erotic Universe”



A CARNAL DICTIONARY...The best in print; over 17 entries between "Aphrodisiac" and "Auto-eroticism" alone.

CONDENSED VERSIONS OF ALL BEST-SELLING EROTIC NOVELS. . .The all-time greats with all the useless plot and character development material removed—completely devoid of meaningful social content!

THE HISTORY OF EROTIC THOUGHT. . .As we all know, there is more to sex than the glorious act itself. This section contains a wealth of erotic philosophical and metaphysical literature. All the world's greatest philosophers—from Plato to Hefner.

EROTIC ART. . .A portfolio of the masterpieces of sensual art; oils, etchings, sculpture, and many other imaginative forms of erotic expression, all reproduced in beautiful 5-color rotogravure. Every one suitable for framing—if you have the courage to display them!

MASTERING THE ACT OF LOVE. . .This is the largest section of the volume. Herein is contained the essence of all that has been learned about man's highest instinct. Step by step instructions replete with photos and diagrams make it easy—even for the most inexperienced of laymen. Also included is recent scientific sexual response research which disproves a number of the myths, misconceptions, and church-induced fears which infect so many otherwise normal citizens.

Dr. Frank Luxuria of Tijuana University presents in this section his cure for our nation's number 1 public health dilemma—frigidity. Luxuria has proven the frigidity results from the harmful rays emitted by television sets striking the genital region and thus causing the sexual organs to atrophy. Included is a detailed description of how to make protective anti-ray underclothing to shield your most vital organs from these invisible, but nevertheless deadly rays.

COITUS AROUND THE WORLD—It has been said that nothing broadens a person more than travel. If you purchase *Our Erotic Universe*, you will be able to vicariously experience the bizarre sexual perversions practiced by other cultures without ever leaving your favorite easy chair. Some of the topics include:

The Advanced State of the Art in Scandinavia

How Eunuch Arab Harem Masters Use Artificial Devices to Yield Enhanced Sexual Ecstasy

The Italian Male—Sexual Myth or Reality?

Occult Sex Ceremonies of the Amish (practiced right here in the United States!)

U.S. vs. Oriental Lovemaking ("East is East and West is West, but what happens when the twain meet—in bed!")

The Icy Thrill of Eskimo Sex

The Lilliputian World of Pygmy Eroticism

Intercourse Behind the Iron Curtain

ANIMAL SEX. . .Biologists and psychologists have gained much of their knowledge of man through the study of animals. This section proves that much can be learned about our own way of making love by comparing it to the many fascinating forms which copulation takes in the animal kingdom. Some points of interest:

Lion Sex—The king of beasts deserves his title.

Amoeba Sex—Will make you glad that you are a man.

Dog Sex—Man's best friend serves as an experimental animal in many sexual response experiments and often

outperforms his master.

Giraffe Sex—For those who think that human lovemaking is awkward!

Snake Sex—Did you ever wonder?

Whale Sex—Bigger than anything you have ever imagined, and underwater too!

COLLEGIATE CONCUPISCENCE. . .According to recent surveys, 8 out of ten students are virgins when they enter college, but upon graduation only 3 out of every 100 are still chaste. Many older people wonder what social forces in undergraduate life are responsible for this mass defloration. In this section Marvin Foxpas, an acknowledged expert in the field, reveals the lurid truth about the lusty sexploits of today's college students. Dr. Foxpas has just completed an in-depth study of male sexual behavior in five very different academic environments. Some of the results are represented in table form below.

Factor Researched	Highest Percentage-----Lowest				
<i>Homosexuality</i>	2	1	3	5	4
<i>Premarital Sex</i>	4	5	2	1	3
<i>Level of Respect for Sex Partners</i>	3	1	5	2	4
<i>Unbridled Promiscuity</i>	4	5	2	1	3
<i>Unnatural Sex Practices</i>	4	5	2	3	1
<i>Divorce Rate of Graduates</i>	4	2	3	5	1
<i>Don Juan Mentality</i>	4	2	5	1	3

Key: 1******Notre Dame University*
2******Princeton University*
3******Brigham Young University*
4******Dartmouth College*
5******San Francisco State College*

If the abbreviated summary above has not convinced you that you should reserve a copy of Our Erotic Universe, we suggest that you take five minutes of your time to complete this Quick Quiz. After you have finished, snip it out and mail it to us. Our impartial grading team will compute your L.E.C.H. percentile and send it to you *free of charge*.

A Quick Quiz

- 1.) List 15 synonyms for the verb "fornicate."

- | | | |
|----------|-----------|---------------|
| 1. FUCK | 6. BANG | 11. BOINK |
| 2. SCREW | 7. LAY | 12. MAKE |
| 3. BAIL | 8. HUMP | 13. MAKE LOVE |
| 4. CORK | 9. HAVE | 14. COUPLE |
| 5. PLUG | 10. THUMP | 15. BONE |

- 2.) One of the most famous men in history had a parthenogenetic mother. What was his name? (Hint: He was an only child.)

- 3.) What was Lady Chatterly's lover's occupation?

- 4.) How many times since your last birthday have you had intercourse?

- 5.) In the space below, to the best of your ability, draw a breast.

- 6.) Which type of contraception has the Pope's seal of approval?

- 7.) Pretend that you have a date who is somewhat old-fashioned in her beliefs. Describe below the arguments that you would employ to convince her that she should yield to your carnal desires and that virginity is indeed a useless commodity these days.

Please Mail to: Groove Press, 44 Bow Street, Cambridge, Mass.

In recent years the Victorian Novelist Anthony Trollope has enjoyed a renewal of interest in his work. The discovery of the following manuscript, however, apparently an epilogue to Barchester Towers, may alter critical opinion

Master and Mare

A Parody by Carl Japikse

In the early days of the summer of 186-, the Rev. Mr. Septimus Harding was concerned with a most difficult question: where would he, precentor of Barchester and pastor of St. Cuthbert's Church, obtain the money to replace his horse were it to die? It was a problem of great moment, for the beast's grasp on life was at that time most precarious.

The embryo corpse's sad prospects did little to cheer Mr. Harding, who was quite fond of the mare. He had often ridden Elizabeth, which was in fact the horse's name, and quite enjoyed mounting her. Only playing with his violoncello gave the humble clergyman more satisfaction. But alas! all of Mr. Harding's fervent wishes that Elizabeth would recover were of no consequence.

Of more value were the services of Barchester's leading veterinarian, Dr. Whoophin Mowth, who was called in to save what he could. After announcing his inability to save Elizabeth, the good doctor saw to it that he saved the doomed beast's horseshoes, for which he received a good price later that day from a Barchester blacksmith.

How can I describe Mr. Harding's feelings on hearing of the imminent departure of his horse? I might employ powerful epic verse, save that I cannot rhyme, or indulge in well-turned sentimental prose suited for the time. In truth, however, I shall choose neither, as I would fain not disgrace my pen and paper with eulogies on horses. And so, dear chums, we must leave the precentor alone

in his grief.

Instead I shall dredge up my meagre talents to inscribe how Elizabeth the Horse came into the aforementioned pitiful condition, a condition which needs must bring tears to the eyes of all animal lovers. But of course the tears they might shed cannot help Elizabeth: they are but wormwood to her.

If I may retrace my story some two days, I believe we will come to the proper point in time to begin. Having finished dinner at the deanery, Mr. Harding set out on his daily tour of Barchester. It had always been his custom to perform this tour on foot, but the cleric had taken to riding three weeks before, after reading a leader in the almighty *Jupiter*. Buried at the end of a general article abusing the Church of England was a passing observation that its clergymen were becoming too exercised. Misinterpreting this expression, for Mr. Harding was an honest man and also a bit senile of late, the precentor had to admit to himself that the *Jupiter* was pretty well right, for he himself walked several miles daily. The weak-willed Mr. Harding, unable to withstand criticism from the press, thereafter made his rounds in a less energetic manner, atop Elizabeth.

So it was two days since. Mr. Harding was out for his usual walk on Elizabeth. After ambling about for half an hour, the good gentleman drew in the reins and dismounted to let Lizzie rest, fearing she would otherwise become overly tired. He had often reflected that if over-exertion

had an ill-effect on clergymen, as the *Jupiter* had so correctly asserted, it must be even worse on beasts. So Lizzie rested.

While master and mare were thus occupied, a stooping, bent-up little man with beady eyes and scowling brow approached the pair silently. The intruder escaped the notice of Mr. Harding, as that gentleman was absorbed in performing an airy aria on his imaginary cello. He was half-way through the twenty-third measure of a most delicate little ditty when his reverie was disturbed by a loud thumping and pained neighing from his companion. Thinking the horse was commenting upon his music, and not quite willing to admit her right or authority to do so, he made up his mind to ignore her unsolicited complaints. But as the thumping increased, he turned about and saw the dumpy little fellow beating Elizabeth mercilessly.

It would be wrong to say that Mr. Harding didn't recognize the dwarf instantly, for the little man was none other than the chronicler of Barchester's history. But although the assaulter had taken liberties with Mr. Harding often enough in the past, the pastor could see no justification for his also taking liberties with a horse, and addressed him to that effect. "Cease, cease, my good Mr. Trollope," the kindly precentor chanted, and here, my dearest pals, I must apologize for the overly ludicrous names I too often assign to my characters. "What are you doing?" Mr. Harding continued.

(Continued on page 27)

APOCRYPHA

By Stan Jacoby



Richard Hovey

Richard Hovey '85 has written songs that have consistently rattled in the granite brains of Dartmouth students and alumni ever since his graduation. As a special bicentennial exercise, *Jacko* here requests the thousands of Hovey scholars in the world to detect the genuine Hovey work among the five recently - discovered lyrics below. A distinguished team composed of hardened *Jacko* English majors and Miss Lascivia Biletnikoff wrestled for a full year with the problem before their efforts were rewarded. A partial documentation of their momentous findings also appear following the poems and will be included in full as an Introduction to the 57th reprinting of *The Essential Richard Hovey* (Harcourt & Brace) and as a footnote in the 25th reprinting of *The Essential J.S. Dickey* (Crosby & Parkhurst).

On the Hudson

There's a coating on the Hudson which inspires the artist's eye
And lovers often meet there to watch the moon go bobbing by.
O come with me to Manhattan where there's wiser men than we
Who also watch the turgid waters slowly gliding out to sea.

Please sing to me of Kingston town and of its many scents
Where one can see and smell and touch the frothing feculence.
And where else in this world of ours may man's gaze wander free
And light upon the poisoned wastes that stand for Albany?

If you were but to angle there no fish would tug the line—
Those wretches are long fossilized within the stagnant slime.
To swim is also foolish, in stream or sparkling lake,
For the surface scum is hard enough for us on it to skate.

A great decay now holds forth where fauns and satyrs bounced,
The roiling meadows blacken while a foul volcano mounts.
The woods in winter slowly fester, in spring they steam afresh,
And the fragrance of the poppy drives the timid soul from flesh.

O the rot-caked banks are beck'ning,
My being can't resist,
Those perfumed waters draw me—
Their toxic smells I've missed.

Shaken travellers speak of Venice
And tell of Wilkes-Barre,
But the septic streams of New York
Are the only ones for me.

Untitled

There was an old scholar from Sodom
Who cared not where learnedness brought him.
His lectures on Prudence
So heated his students
That the last one on Patience o'erwrought 'em.

The Wreck of the Hedonist
*At night a gentleman hung one on
And neatly disposed of all inhibition
Such that he scandalized his good repute
In surrendering to forces engendering sedition.*

*Foul songs were sung while necks were wrung
E'er legions threw him down in chains
Doomed by an encroaching sobriety
Which traumatized his granite brains.*

*And later a crowd remained silent
In deference to the laws.
For was not the sentence
Hanging—without applause?*

*And who alive could better warn
In some prophylactic tome
Of the glory that was draught
And the grandeur that was foam?*

Dartmouth Forever
*Three cheers for old mother Dartmouth!
Each of her men is the big green brother
To all who have passed in her ivied portals;
Hoo Hah! Three cheers for that dear old mother!*

*Hoo Haah DART-muth!
Hoo Haah DART-muth!
Rah Hoo Hah?
Hah Hoo Rah?
DART-muth?
Hoo-Hah!!!*

In Praise of the Muse
*O sinful, lawless sortilege
Thy runic flute
And purpled fruit
Were ne'er used to less advantage.*

NOTES

I. Those uninitiated into the subtleties of Hovey's verse were fooled into believing that "On the Hudson" was legitimate Hovey. The more knowledgeable of the team, particularly Miss Biletnikoff, quickly divested those innocents of their naivete.

In all of the myriad biographies of the poet, there is no mention of his ability to skate as the real author apparently did on line twelve. Therefore, we discarded this poem as the unworthy doggerel that it is and went on to the next. A lone dissenter, who had particularly objected to being disabused of his precepts by Miss Biletnikoff, continued to study "On the Hudson" till he found, to his dismay, that it was written by a wealthy Dartmouth undergraduate in 1930 against the policies of New York governors.

II. The Classics Club, conducting a detailed study of the Sanborn House washroom walls, discovered an untitled limerick under infra-red light last September. The Chemistry Department, immediately called in for a Carbon 14 analysis of the poem, correctly placed its date of origin between the 12th and 21st centuries A.D. When the news was released to the college community, the uproar over the author's identity threatened to destroy Dartmouth. Was it Samson Occum? No, the handwriting was obviously different. Arthur Fergenson? No, the social comment in the poem was too rational. Could it (gasp) be Richard Hovey? Fortunately for Dartmouth, Prof. Eberhart broke down in an emotion-charged meeting of the Faculty's Privy Council and admitted to having written it four days earlier in a perverse moment.

III. Now it can be told! When Prof. Loomis unearthed Arctic explorer Charles F. Hall he noticed that the corpse's camphor bag was unusually large. Upon opening it he discovered "The Wreck of the Hedonist" in its masterful entirety. Knowing well that the implications of such a find could shake American poetry at its foundations, Prof. Loomis kept the knowledge of it to himself till he could bring it to the proper authorities for analysis. The *Jacko* team solemnly accepted his confidence and proceeded to ransack the scholarship within fourteen major libraries before admitting the uncertainty of the poem's origin. Finally, to its shock, the team detected a here-to-fore repressed correspondence of Hall's (this was accomplished by taking every ninth word of Willy Loeb's editorial of Dec. 19 on our Communist enemies and arranging them according to the directions on the secret decoding ring we got for 842 mastheads from the *Union Leader*) which revealed that he had been the poet and was wont to read his piece before his fellow explorers every night of their polar journey.

IV. Even the most sophisticated and perspicacious of Hovey scholars on the *Jacko* team were almost convinced that in "Dartmouth Forever" we had the real thing. The Hovey genius shown through every sweeping line, every subtle image, and each bit of trenchant alliteration. Only the happy chance of an idle talk with Professor-Emeritus Foley revealed that this moving melody was actually the fight song of that obscure but extremely active group, the Students in Back of Dartmouth, who, early in 1775, wanted to call in the British regulars to bust the heads of all those radicals in Boston who were trying to disrupt colonial education in a free society.

V. Nine months had passed since the *Jacko* team first had enthusiastically investigated the five poems. Now disappointment hung heavy over the group as only one fragment of poetry offered any hope of Hovey. Miss Biletnikoff had modestly conceived of several approaches but none of us wished to claim them for his own. So we gave up.

A Day in the Life of Mischa

By William L. Lee, Jr.

It was a bright, clear, rainy day as Mischa N. Pozibul strolled out of his slum-bordering, off-campus housing into the campus proper. As was his wont, he had not bothered to attend class for the first three and a half weeks of the term; he more often than not said that it took him three weeks to work up the required momentum to work up momentum. Sometimes he said that, yes he did. Down School Street and up Wheelock Street, the birds were singing through their damp, windblown throats a cheery melody of impending spring. Mischa inhaled the mixed-rain- and skunk-cabbage scent and gazed upwards at the sun. Though somehow he seemed to sense something was abnormal in the little world he had not seen in so long, he brushed his forebodings to the back corridors of his brain and tramped on, swept up by the enthusiasm of receding guilt and returning responsibility. The very leaves of the roadside echoed his enthusiasm, swept up by one of the hundreds of hard-working B&G men.

Mischa walked up to the red light at Main and Wheelock and paused a moment to watch the busy intersection pulse with teeming life. The light turned green, as was its wont, and he marched across toward the recently renovated College Museum. As soon as he gathered courage, he crossed over to the Green, which was dotted with people enjoying the beauty and the gloom of the day. Sometimes they did that, indeed; nevertheless, Mischa's forebodings found their way to the front corridors of his mind, about which we seldom hear in any person. Why were so many people dotting the Green at 9:00 in the morning?

Mischa reverted to the better known back corridors and probed deep into the sociological subconditionings of his memory. Finding nothing, he drew out

the aged Timetable of Recitations which he had checked out of Howe Library the day before: Yes, classes did *not* change until 9:05. What on earth were all those people doing dotting the Green? Still more were dotting the steps of Dartmouth Row and absolutely ruining the cement-colored cement, laid with so much care by a team of hundreds of hard-working B&G men. "Glurg," thought Mischa, looking quickly and piercingly around him. He clutched his brand-new books tighter to his recently renovated chest. He began to notice incredibly unwonted things: hunted looks in the shifting eyes of scurrying professors, and strong, self-assured, even noble looks in the eyes of *everyone* on the Dartmouth Row side of the Green. And Mischa noted something even more insidious and unwonted. Only the Weenies had books in their hands!!! Mischa walked cautiously across the street toward Dartmouth Row...

"Hey!" blasted a voice from behind a tree. Mischa jumped. A burly tackle, from the football team no doubt, stepped out. "Going to class?" he asked with overpowering halitosis.

"Y-y-yes," Mischa stammered.

"Good man," the fellow said, and slapped him on the back. "The ROTC and the S.B.D. are behind you all the way to the goal line."

Mischa brushed the soil from his clothes as he picked himself trembling from the earth he had suddenly come to know intimately. "S.B.D.," he dazedly thought. "What is going on? So Big Deal? Stupid Bird Dogs? Silly Bedeviled Demeters?"

"If anyone bothers you, tell 'em the entire mobilized forces of the D.C.A.C. are behind you." The tackle licked his chops and jabbed at one of his thousands of teaming muscles. "And there's a lot



ischa N. Pozibul



more where that came from," he bellowed.

"Don't Cause Any Commotion? Dumb Clods Around Campus? Devilish Caucasians Amassing Cadres? Darn the Cause of Afro-American Completely?" He quickly examined the innumerable possibilities as he gingerly walked up toward Dartmouth Hall. Soon he turned to more practical matters, however, pulling out his once-used but trusty Timetable of Recitations. His class was in Wentworth Hall. "Gosh," he thought, "it's lucky I happened to be walking this way."

"Hey!" Mischa jumped. "Are you for the Atrocity in Viet Nam?"

"Which one?" Mischa thought as a frenetic vision of long stringy hair blurred before his eyes in constant movement too quick to follow. "N-n-no," he stammered, trying to contain his interrogator in his field of vision.

"Did you know that people are being crippled in the streets of New York for protesting R**C, women are being raped for protesting R**C, harmless little dogs are being purged for pissing on the legs of uniforms?" The hair danced even more rapidly, flashing alternate electric blue and fuschia pink.

"N-n-no."

"Did you know babies are being burned right now? Are you for scorching infanticide?"

"N-n-no," said Mischa, who was getting into a bit of a rut.

"Well, what *are* you for? Are you, Allen Ginsberg forbid, for ROTC on this campus?" The hair positively emitted sparks of all the colors of the rainbow.

"I d-don't really c-care," said Mischa, hurrying on toward the pot of gold. "H-hej listen, I-I'm late for c-class. I-I'll see you later."

"You don't care?!" boiled in his ears as he came to the middle doors of Dartmouth Hall.

"Hey, now," cooed a soft, husky, feminine, mellow voice in his ear. Mischa slumped. "You don't *mean* you don't care, do you now?"

The vibrations were *so good* as they caressed his nervous body. A vision curled and curved before his eyes, slowly, sensuously, in a subtle rhythm. Mischa had to stop. Actually, his body did the

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The Antidote

(Continued from page 8)

"Sort of off the beaten path for a *turista*, aren't you, pal?" said the native, smiling toothlessly. When he saw that the stranger wasn't going to be astounded at his command of English, he laughed nervously and pulled himself up, stretching. He was abnormally tall and stoop-shouldered; holding his arms akimbo he looked like a giant crane.

"Learned your lingo from the Peace Corps boys at Surdango," he said. "Dug the whole culture—Coca Cola, *Time* magazine, permanent press chinos, even baseball cards." From beneath his poncho he produced a thumbworn packet and snapped the rubber band. "Looky here. Curly Lapachick, Roosevelt Boone, and here's Scooter Pearleman of the Red Jackets. One guy I've been trying to get for ages, Choo Choo Hernandez of the Charleston Bay Area Barnburners. Sonafabitch is mighty hard to come by in these parts. . ." But he broke off under the stranger's frozen glare.

"Listen carefully," the red-haired man said, withdrawing a roll of bills from his coat pocket. "For your beads I'm prepared to offer 200 *sol*, Peruvian currency, legal tender for all debts public and private."

The Indian made a sour face. "Money makes me puke," he said, illustrating his words with a belch. "Besides, the nearest store is a two-day trip down the Divide."

Without a word the white-suited stranger got his rucksacks and, dropping them on the ground, produced a fat, pearl-handled pocket-knife. "Twenty-seven separate blades, spoon, fork, chisel, corkscrew, phillips screwdriver, all stainless steel and guaranteed by lifetime warranty."

"This is all the knife I need," countered the Indian, and with a lightening motion he palmed a gleaming stiletto and sent it hurtling through the air, clipping the tail feathers from a chicken thirty yards away.

Impassive, the red-haired man went through the rucksacks, displaying their contents one by one, everything from razors to water pistols. And one by one, the derrick-like Indian shook them away. He was more interested in the stranger's white suit, and was dying to ask how he kept it so clean on the road.

"Well, then," said the newcomer at length, the faintest note of irritation in his voice, "just what will you take?"

The Indian looked around at the sign that hung from the building and made a slurping sound.

"Sorry," the foreigner snapped, "I happen to be an abstainer." Before the Indian could suggest anything else, the stranger had rushed over to the llama and returned with a paper sack. Rummaging through it he withdrew something brightly colored and thrust it dramatically under the Indian's jaw.

"Choo Choo Hernandez!" he thundered triumphantly.

"Sold!" shouted the Indian, grabbing the card. He threw the beads into the air and began dancing up and down in the mud. The red-haired man caught the beads and set about re-packing the rucksacks.

"You wouldn't know it to look at you, the freckles and all," the Indian said

when he finished dancing, "but you're really a helluva resourceful guy. And you sort of remind me of somebody, I was going to say that Archie Andrew guy in the comics but it's somebody else more, I just can't place. . ." But the stranger was already spurring his llama toward the hills.

Eight days later the freckled, red-haired man arrived by jet in San Francisco.

"Redlands Research Institute," he told the taxi driver at the airport.

The cabbie turned around slowly, as if his head were balancing a sandbag. He had a bulb nose and pointed teeth. "Listen kid," he growled, "that joint is 150 miles the hell down the coast."

"Get this straight buster," the passenger snarled, grabbing him by the lapels of his jacket. "I'm not a kid. I am forty-two years old. I have travelled extensively all over the world. My exploits have been written up in countless

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"Here—now beat it!"

An Argument

To Prove That The
Introduction of Co-education at Dartmouth College
May, As Things Now Stand, Be Attended With
Some Inconveniences, And Perhaps
Not Produce Those Many Good Effects
Proposed Thereby.

By Richard C. Wallace

I am very sensible what a weakness and presumption it is, to reason against the general humor and disposition of the student body. It may perhaps be neither safe nor prudent to argue against the introduction of co-education at a juncture when all parties appear so unanimously determined upon the point, as we cannot but perceive from their actions, their discourses, and their writings. However, I know not how, whether from the affectation of singularity or the perverseness of human nature, but it so unhappily falls out that I cannot be entirely of this opinion. Though I were sure an order were issued for my immediate prosecution by the College Committee on Standing and Conduct Judiciary Sub-Committee, I should still confess that in the present posture of our affairs, I do not yet see the desirability of introducing members of the female sex into the allowed annals of Dartmouth tradition.

I shall briefly consider the strength of those arguments in favor of co-education and the many advantages proposed thereby, fairly allow them their greatest weight, and offer such answers as I think most reasonable. In every case, I shall deal with the utmost impartiality, after which I will attempt to show what inconveniences may possibly happen by such an innovation, in the present posture of our affairs. In this manner, I can think of no one objection that will possibly be raised against my conclusions.

First, it is urged that although the introduction of co-education would be financially burdensome, the educational, cultural and social benefits resulting from the addition of several hundred

wholesome young women would far exceed the monetary encumbrance. And then, these prophetic innovators argue that the additional income from tuition, room and board charges would again enhance the financial situation of this institution. This indeed appears to be a consideration of some weight and I readily acknowledge that there is increased income concomitant with increased enrollment. Furthermore, I confess, that if the case were no more complex than this, I would submit and be silent.

However, on the other side, several things deserve to be considered. Are those who desire co-education so short-sighted as to disregard or simply not perceive the long-range effects of such a program? Are they oblivious to the most crucial and foremost financial burdens which would necessarily be sustained by such a plan?

By my precise computation, there are exactly four hundred and sixty-six men's rooms located in eighty-three separate buildings on the Dartmouth College Campus. With the introduction of merely one thousand females, there would, in all certainty, be an unmistakable need for an additional one hundred and fifty-five bathrooms at a cost of \$1,250 per room. At the barest minimum and with complete disregard for inflation, the total charge would be a phenomenal \$193,750.22. This would include electrical work, plumbing, plastering, tiling, procelain, assorted fixtures and chairs, toilet paper, paint, waste baskets, paper towels, sanitary disposals, soap and of course, the labor charge incurred by Buildings and Grounds in undertaking this stupendous task.

Beyond this, consider the strain that would be placed upon the sewer system in the town of Hanover. And again, have those in favor of co-education deliberated on the fate of the nearly nine hundred and fifty urinals that will be removed from the mens' rooms being converted to powder rooms for these fine young ladies? In all earnestness, I suggest that those reformers among us seriously consider some of these vital matters before engaging in a program with such profound consequences.

Again by my calculation, there are precisely one thousand five hundred and thirty-five mirrors which are the property of Dartmouth College. Since it is an established fact that females, on the average, are approximately five inches shorter than males, seven hundred and sixty-seven and one-half mirrors would necessarily be lowered by that exact amount. At a minimal charge of \$2.50 per mirror, the cost of implementing this procedure would be \$1,598.37, including tax. Is co-education so essential to the enrichment of the quality of education at Dartmouth that we must endure such painstaking renovations? I believe there cannot be one opinion in the affirmative.

Another advantage proposed by the introduction of co-education is the clear benefit of the merchants in the Upper Valley, who, as things now stand, do very little trade in the market of cosmetics and women's fashions. It is argued that the annual additional income resulting from the proposed influx of women would mean an increase of three hundred per cent to the business community of this region.

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Hey There, Mr. Alumnus !

By Rick Cowan

(The latest Alumni College Bulletin will not be published for several weeks yet, but the Jacko, happening to intercept some of the advance printer's proofs and not having anything better to run, is offering its readers this special preview of the seminars to be held this summer.)

INTRODUCTION

This year we of the Alumni College have taken a cue from the undergraduates in planning our offerings. When faced with busy work or seemingly useless academic trivia, today's college student often begins to clamor for what he calls "relevance." From our heightened perspective we know that of itself busy work is indeed useless in that it will never profit the learner directly. Its value, of course, lies in the fact that it gives unruly young minds what they appear to need most in these days of turmoil and disorder—MENTAL DISCIPLINE. Mental discipline is the hallmark of a man educated in the classical tradition.

We who have jumped the academic hurdles, climbed the marital mountains, and flown into our corporate or professional pigeonholes have shown the world that "we have what it takes." Thus, it is only fitting that we who have "made it" should be the recipients of relevant education—not those who have yet to prove themselves.

Working from this philosophy we have designed our curriculum around the concept of what we call alumni relevance. Browse through our catalogue as you would a financial prospectus and think of yourself as the corporation in question. Estimate where your greatest assets lie, but also take into consideration the fluctuating market values for certain kinds of knowledge.

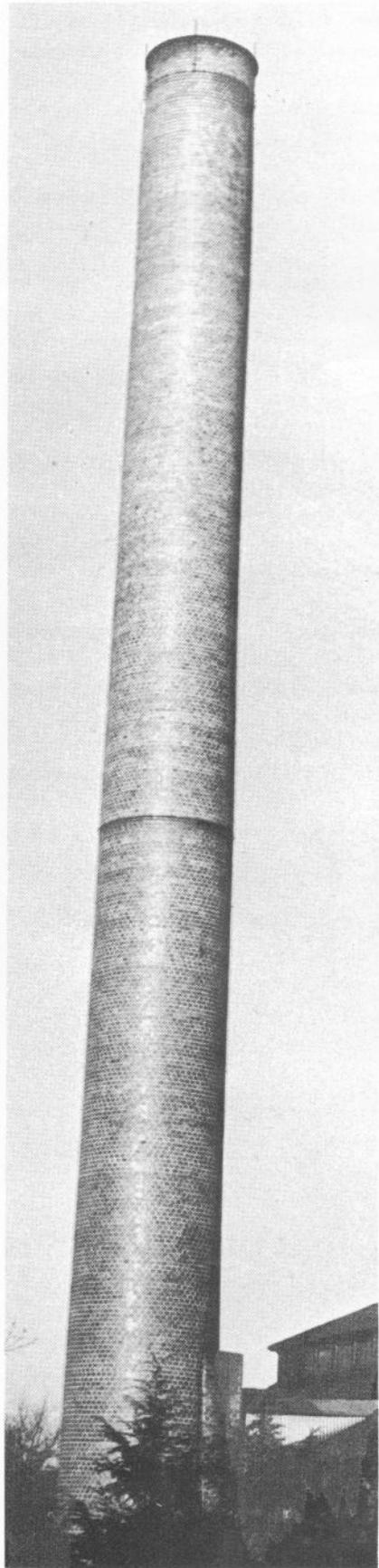
Enclosed you will find a pre-addressed, pre-stamped postal card which will allow you to check your seminar preference with the slightest inconvenience possible. Don't worry about deadlines—we'll manage to fit everyone in somehow.

(1) Ivy League Culture

Nature often plays cruel tricks and occasionally a Dartmouth Man may be lacking some of the physical characteristics, mannerisms, ethnic background, or charisma which our society has come to associate with the Ivy League Male. This course is our answer to the embarrassing situations which such seemingly illegitimate alums may find themselves in.

We will focus on such topics as: comparative institutionalism (you will learn to make obscure comparisons among the Ivy League schools, thus proving your membership in the "club"; e.g., Dartmouth was the last school in the "league" to get flush toilets) and telltale dress (all recent variations on the green and Indian themes will be modelled, including the most recent—Dartmouth green undershorts with hundreds of tiny Indians hand-sewn on for use at the country/yacht club bathhouse).

By the end of this course you should be able to subtly indicate the better side of



The beautiful B&G smokestack looms above the Dartmouth campus in picturesque Hanover, N.H.

your background in as little as one sentence. In class the instructor will feed the student stock conversational openers and the student will be required to make an appropriate response within seven seconds. An interchange might transpire as follows: Professor: "Nice day, isn't it?" Student: "Yesirree, a beautiful day, just like the day that we beat the pants off those sissies from Princeton back in '38."

Don't let your false modesty (or any other kind—remember you're a Big Greener) keep you away from this course. Ivy League Culture will be taught by Professor Jaime Hernandeth (Michigan '48) of the Anthropology Department.

(2) *The Waning of Physical Marital Relations—How to live Through the Transition Period*

Let's face it—you and your wife will not always enjoy the beautiful sensual fulfillment that is now yours. Sooner or later nature's gentle but decisive hand will quietly end this phase of your marital relationship. Not only wisdom, but tact is required during these difficult years, because nature's hand will not touch you and your loving wife simultaneously.

In this course we will deal with both eventualities; nature touching you first, or nature touching your spouse first. Several surrogate activities will be suggested: total community involvement, athletic participation, hobbies, racy films, cold showers, and many others. The philosophical and moral ramifications of extramarital sexual relations will be discussed in small seminar groups led by a member of the faculty who is experienced in such matters. Dr. Alex Flinch '55 of the Medical School has agreed to give a lecture entitled: "How Your Vital Life Fluids Dry Up, or Use it Before You Lose It."

For obvious reasons participants are asked *not* to bring their wives or children to course meetings, although there is no reason why spouses cannot attend separate seminars. The Waning of Physical Marital Relations—How to Live Through the Transition Period will be taught by Drs. Helen Puig and Alicia Tingle of the Psychology and Biology Departments respectively. Dr. Flinch may be reached by calling Miss Aston, the Med School's switchboard operator, at her home phone.

(3) *Your Child as a Drug User*

You have come home from work a bit early and as you walk in the back door you smell a strange, rather pungent odor. After a little sniffing you find yourself in front of the bathroom door. Thinking that something is on fire you throw the door open and there before you, you see the fruit of your marriage, the boy whom you thought was the All-American kid, sitting on the john mumbling incoherencies with a very thin cigarette dangling from his lips.

The above scenario may be somewhat overdramatized, but having a drug user for a son or daughter sends thousands of distraught parents to their analysts every year. Self-incrimination is often the first reaction—"What did I do to force him to this?" and similar sincere, but misguided questions crowd into the mind of the poor parent. Professor Foch of the Psychology Department feels that the urge to get away from reality is now part of the socializing process in this, our turned-on society. Thus it is quite natural for a child to want to sniff glue, smoke pot, drop acid, etc., etc., any time after weaning.

Dr. Foch, a Dartmouth graduate, will instruct alumni in the use of his Substitution Method. This proven method channels a child's appetite for drugs into a more healthful and socially acceptable yearning for liquor. Parents are encouraged to recount for their children all the fun things that have ever happened to them while they were drunk. Foch's method culminates in what he labels the "purification ritual"—the parents and the troubled child get rip roaring drunk together in the controlled environment of their own kitchen.

Since medical data on the harmful effects of marijuana is somewhat hard to come by, parents will be given the results of Dr. Foch's recent study to convince their youngsters that pot smoking will stunt the normal growth of their eyeballs, thus making them look like beady-eyed rats with flappy eyelids at age 25. If paid in

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The Antidote

(Continued from page 18)

journals. And if money still talks in this country, I have \$50 speaking for the trip."

"Jesus," the driver said, and headed south for the Monterey Coast Highway.

Row after row of quonset huts stood in a large, man-made clearing settled among great California sequoias. The red-haired man jumped out at the barbed-wire gate and paid the driver. A sign above the gate said RESEARCH INSTITUTE OF THE REDLANDS, U.S. CONSERVATION COMMISSION. SHOW YOUR PASS. But there was no one at the guard station, so he opened the gate and walked in, carrying a small attache case.

"There's something fishy here," he thought, for the grounds were littered with an assortment of debris: wine bottles, torn clothing, pieces of chain. He took a step, tensing his body and turning his senses to the slightest hint of danger. Suddenly a gunshot exploded from one of the huts, the bullet whizzing past his ear. Reacting instantly, he threw his body down flat as possible among the garbage. He peered up cautiously and spied an owl-like face framed in a broken window.

"Dr. Goebells!" he shouted, waving a handkerchief, "It's me, Olson."

A squat, pear-shaped figure in a white smock emerged from a nearby hut and limped over, carrying a shotgun. "Olson!" the doctor cried, "I didn't recognize you. I thought you were one of *them*. One of the angels." the old man's eyes, once kindly, were glazed with terror.

"The angels: What angels do you mean, Doctor?" Olson's voice was calm, reassuring.

"They call themselves the Braca's Angels. Motorcycle hoodlums. They had an orgy last night at Sparrow Lake. At two a.m. they came in masses, like the Huns, to attack the Institute. Two hundred panzer divisions could not have stopped them. Everyone ran, terrified. I alone stayed to fight." The old man broke down sobbing.

Olson held him gently by the shoulders. "Doctor, you must compose yourself. You have not forgotten our task? I brought the crystals. You must get started on the antidote at once."

The old doctor stared ahead dazedly, as if a flashbulb had gone off in his face. "The bretonium crystals. How did you ever. . . ? But my laboratory. . . in shambles. It may take weeks, months. . ." "I'll wait."

For the next five months Olson occupied himself at the Institute by constructing a motorcycle from a frame abandoned by the Braca's Angels, and spare parts. Then one Fall afternoon, while he was in the supply hut adjusting the clutch, Dr. Goebells limped up, carrying a small vial filled with a hazel liquid. He was grinning like a monkey.

"Eureka!" the old chemist bubbled.

Olson dropped his wrench and snatched the vial. A trace of satisfaction relaxed the lines of his face. He put the vial in one pocket of his white jacket and from the other removed a wallet and counted out ten hundred-dollar bills, which he handed to the Doctor.

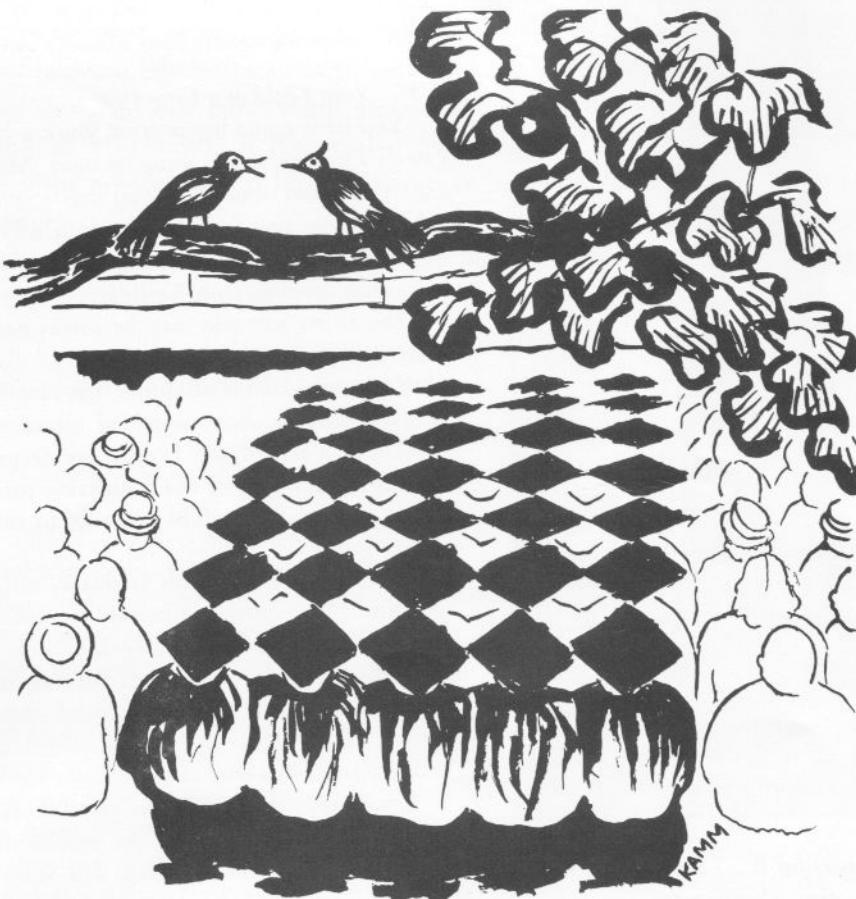
"Oh, no, I couldn't," the kindly old man said. "I did it for. . . for him."

But Olson was already on the motorcycle, kicking downward to release a thunder of horsepower. The Doctor watched admiringly as the machine tore across the grounds and, belching fire, disappeared through the trees.

"Such devotion," he whispered hoarsely.

A blizzard delayed Olson's flight to Juneau, and when he finally arrived the Alaskan winter was at its raging worst. He set out Northeastward, travelling by Landrover and, finally, dog-sled. In the glacial wastes just beyond the Circle he halted his team at the base of an unnamed mountain, steep and solitary under a frozen sun. Removing his left seal-skin mitten, he unfastened his wristwatch and gave the stem a quarter turn.

"Eeeeeeee," buzzed the timepiece. Suddenly the sheer wall of the mountainside heaved and a gigantic door began to open ponderously. He entered a stadium-sized cavern, crowded to the stalactites with an incredible assortment of paraphernalia.



"Your move."

ROGER E. BURT

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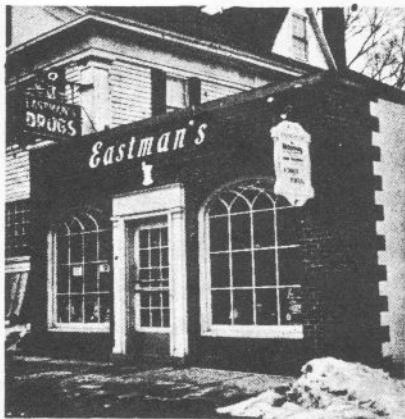
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"Jimmy," a distant voice quivered, "You've come at last." He hurried over to a candle-lit alcove where a pale, wizened man sat hunched on a bench of stone. The man wore a tattered knit outfit of red and blue that looked like a discarded pair of pajamas. His hands were bound in chains that glowed eerily green.

"Christ, what kept you?" croaked the gaunt man.

"Perry died in 'sixty-four. Emphysema. Then Lois got messed up in her divorce. So I've been pretty much on my own. But I never gave up."

"All right, all right, don't just stand there like a pumpkin, give me the juice!"

Olson handed him a small vial. The wizened man downed its hazel contents in one wincing gulp. Then he stood up, shakily.

"Truth!" he coughed, yanking at the chains until the veins in his forehead bulged.

"Justice!" he cried, straining again, his ribs showing through the ragged outfit.

". . . and the American way!" The chains snapped like paper. With a rapturous bellow, the pajama-clad man took off bounding kangaroo-like across the cavernous room. In a second he was back.

"I'd stay and have a drink, for old times, but those poor chickies have been a long time waiting," he said, clenching and unclenching his fists. "It's been a hardie without the chicks" He turned and sped like a bullet toward the door, and was gone.

Olson stood there for a while, running a hand through his thatch of carrot hair. "I'd do anything for my best pal," he said at length, and walked smiling toward the door.



Stepping out between the acts at the first production of one of his plays, George Bernard Shaw said to the audience:

"What did you think of it?"

This startled everyone, and there was a long silence. Finally a man in the balcony cried out:

"Rotten!"

Shaw bowed to his heckler and smiled. "My friend," he said, shrugging his shoulders and indicating the crowd in front, "I quite agree with you. But what are we two against so many?"

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A Day in the Life of Mischa N. Pozibul (Continued from page 17)

deciding for his mind, which had disintegrated. His hands started rubbing his Timetable of Recitations slowly, in a subtle rhythm.

"We all care," she softly said, "We just have to be reminded once in a while." Mischa stood, being reminded. She moved closer, the rhythm slowly mounting.

In all the months of that year—September to May—Mischa had heard about coeds. Twice Mischa had even talked with some, in a very fruitful book discussion about *The Silent Spring*. Then in Coed Week they had been everywhere skiing—going to parties, and walking around in short dresses. Mischa even remembered one coming to one of his classes. But just now this Coed had touched him, pleadingly, remindingly, and the spot burned. He stood there, hypnotized.

"Yes, we all care. What you mean is, you care in a deep way. Now, you want R-O-T-C off this campus because it is a group and society and groups don't care. Only people care, now groups don't. You care. and I care. You do want R-O-T-C off campus, don't you?" The letters *r*, *o*, *t*, and *c* rolled from her tongue as if coated with Mazola oil. She was against him now, and her very essence of femininity was touching his essence of Mischa, as was his want.

"Yes," the girl cooed rhythmically. "Now, to get it off you can't go to class," she said. "And by not going to class you're supporting people, like you and me." She hugged him, hard.

"Oh," Mischa cried out. "Yes?"

"Yes. Yes. Yes," the girl said softly and pleadingly and remindingly.

"No," Mischa screamed. "Listen, I-I'm late for c-class, and I haven't been for three and a half...and..."

Despite her clench to retain him, with their very essences touching, he ripped himself free and ran a few steps. Then he hesitated, and looked slowly back.

"Aren't you for people;" she called softly after him.

"Yes, but I'm for class," he said jerkily and walked on, trembling and weak.

"Brother," a Moustache boomed from the left-hand steps of Dartmouth Hall.

Mischa, needless to say, jumped. The Moustache, he shakily noted as he came

to earth, carried a sign in his left hand: "Support the people! Strike now! Bash 'er in! Fascist pigs, anyway!"

"Brother," the moustache boomed, "if you're for people, and you're for class, you're for the workers of the world; you might as well be a worker. We workers don't want R**C on campus," he said, giving Mischa a fraternal grin and a jab in the ribs. Mischa doubled over in pain. "Our brothers are dying, becoming food for crickets, on both sides. Only the dirty capitalist pigs get anything. Did you know, every time a Viet Cong dies, every aristocrat makes \$14.53?"

Mischa's receding guilt feelings began to be replaced by others, more insidious and vague.

"Dartmouth College is rich, but we are poor," said the Moustache, looking as poor as he possibly could have. "We grovel under the heels of the dirty capitalists. The Moustache groveled a bit

on his lower lip by way of illustration. "Why just yesterday one of the dirty sons of bitches tried to take over my Porsche. And all because of one stinking late payment."

Mischa groped into his background. Virtually all of the Pozibul clan were orange-collar workers. On the Plawzibbel side, his mother's, there had been one famous man, Izzy Plawzibbel, but even he had been at the age of fourteen an organizer for the Bobby-Pin-Maker's Union. He had come up with the unforgettable and pithy motto: "Be true to your class, the true orange class; Bobby-Pin-Makers of America unite! You have nothing to lose but your hair." Mischa himself was on four scholarships, each with its own kinds of form letters.

Now, in his foreground, however, Mischa, the spoiled runt of a decaying Northern family, faced his Big Brother.

"Yes, indeed," boomed the Moustache, wiping the sweat from his lower lip, "this college is a factory which squeezes the



sweat from the lower lips of our brothers all over the world. Strike the factory and be free. Here, just take a look at these seven pamphlets. They prove . . .”

“No!” shouted Mischa, “They’re just more forms. I won’t listen! I won’t look at another form!” he screamed, and he staggered through the door of Wentworth Hall.

“Scab!” boomed the cutting voice after him.

The cool air and the clicking of typewriters held out their motherly arms to scab. He stumbled up the stairs which held out their fatherly stairs to him. Existentially he stumbled up, through the sisterly door and into his class, sinking into the fraternal arms of his desk just as the dulcet tones of the Baker bells announced the beginning of his history lecture.

The kindly, old, whitehaired, old, tenured, old professor stood before the class, as he had for generations and generations and generations. “Gentlemen,” he quavered. His voice choked up and he couldn’t go on. The dear old grandfather figure delicately shuffled the lecture notes he had

digressed from so often. In his ninety-two years of teaching, never once had he reached the conclusion of this particular lecture. “Gentlemen,” he quavered, “today I am going to digress from my theory of revolution as a generic form.” He sniffed and delicately shifted his trifocals down one notch, trying hard to focus on the people before his old eyes. Delicately and deliberately he blew his old nose. The class applauded. “Thank you,” he quavered.

Suddenly a semi-nude flower lad leaped up and commenced a frenzied spasm before the professor. “Shut up,” the gentle lad shouted. “We’re talking about something *relevant* today—ROTC. And we’re going to be communal about it, see. Now, gather around me; dance as you talk.”

“But . . . but . . .” the professor quavered away.

“Shut up, old man.” A well-aimed brick flew past the professor’s head and into the class. The shock wave knocked the old man out and . . .

The next thing Mischa knew, it was dark and silent around his particular area of the floor, with which he was in

intimate contact. He crawled over to the window and peered out at the symbolic pinnacle of Baker Tower. The little hand pointed at the seven and the big hand pointed at the five. Mischa’s eyes quickly adjusted to the dark, and he got up and delicately stumbled over the body of the whitehaired old man, out the door, and down the stairs. He paused for breath and burst out of the door of Wentworth Hall and scurried toward Rollins Chapel, looking neither to the left nor to the right. Behind the “chapel” he knelt for a moment of silent prayer, the first to be offered in the area for some time. As soon as he had caught his breath, which was somewhat faster than he was, he peered around the squat, ugly body of the building. No one. Across the Green and into the aesthetic humps of Hopkins Center Mischa swaggered with caution. Still no one. Mischa’s forebodings, ever on the job, scrambled to the surface of his mind again. Down the ramp he tiptoed, cleverly avoiding the many galleries placed along the sides as traps for unwary undergraduates.

There, in the Snack Bar corridor, Mischa saw at least a thousand people,



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bustling and scurrying and teeming with life. His first impulse was to turn and run, but in deference to the existential situation, he went on. Beside the Snack Bar, world-famous for its chocolate water shakes, there was a long table, with twelve figures hooded in black behind it, drinking wine, eating bread, and passing out petitions.

"Why are they in black?" Mischa whispered to a passer-by.

"Stupid—because they are in mourning for the lost virginity of a nation."

"Glurg," Mischa thought. "So that's what the Atrocity is."

On that table there were numbers, one through five. "What are those numbers? Mischa asked another passer-by, a herd of which seemed to constitute a majority in the Snack Bar corridor.

"Stupid—those numbers are for degrees of commitment," said the wild-eyed young lady, who looked a bit as if she herself needed committing. "Sign number 5; it's the most valid by far."

Mischa stepped over to the table and read, "THE NINETY-FIVE THESES: We the undersigned unconditionally, without compromise, screw-you-buddy demand

the following things:

1. Abolition of all football, tennis, and chess recruiting on campus.
2. Abolition of R**C on campus..
3. Abolition of the campus on campus.
4. Abolition of the abolition of the campus on and off campus.
5. Amnesty for layers— and lyers-in
6. Establishment of a separate curriculum for Uruguayans.
7. Establishment of a *separate* curriculum for me.

(by special request of Suzie Zechs.)

8. Imposition of rigid morality on all who do not support the cause, and even on some of us.
9. Various small change, some of which is listed below.
10. Change of locks on college property to some we will provide.
11. Change in number of bonfires—we want more.
12. Change of other specifics to be decided only by voice vote at a meeting in Howe Library, Thursday at 2:15 P.M.

BE THERE!

13. Change of time and space.

14. Change in gener....."

Mischa turned away from the table, dry heaving, his mind completely blown, and started walking toward his slum-bordering, off-campus housing, speaking to no one, hearing no one. Out the back of the Hop, across the intersection, now still as death, and back down Wheelock Street he walked. Gradually his fractured mind tried to assimilate, but it couldn't.

A woman peered out of the rainy gloom, scurried up, and clutched Mischa's arm. "Have you seen my husband?" Mischa stared right past her.

"He teaches here, you know, and I haven't seen him for four days." Mischa heard nothing.

"Is he...; Is he...? Oh, I don't mind the things you can see; it's *not knowing...*" Mischa walked on.

Mischa N. Pozibul walked into his apartment for the last time, and he never again said one word to anyone. Not one.

Im-Pozibul? Not Plawzibbel?
Nevertheless, true. . . .



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AEGIS

Master and Mare

(Continued from page 13)

"Why, I am beating a dead horse," the undaunted Mr. Trollope rejoined.

"But that horse ain't dead," the clergyman asserted.

"Eh, that's small beer with me," the dwarf wheezed. "I generally start with live ones anyway; it don't take long to wear 'em down to the bone. Let 'em be the bounciest in all Barchester, I'll grind 'em into the dust soon enough."

"You seriously intend, then, to kill my horse?" the incredulous precentor inquired.

"Yep. An't been a horse what's survived yet. If the beating don't do 'em in, they collapse from exhaustion quick enough. I know what I'm talking of, Mr. Harding: I've beat dead horses hundreds of times before this."

"An't that monotonous?"

"Dreadfully. And therein lies my success, sir. Dullness is the spice of life."

"But why do you do it?"

"Why, Mr. Harding? Why? So I can beat him some more, that's why. I can certainly think of no other reason."



To Young Men to Make Much of Virgins

A Parody of Robert Herrick

Gather ye virgins while ye may,
The time is ripe for plucking;
But if ye dawdle one brief day,
'Twill be too late for f*****.

Just as the rosebud on the vine,
Fast withers when 'tis picked;
So does a maiden's worth decline
As soon as her pussy's pricked.

That age is best which is the worst:
For then a maiden's fecund,
And quite a prize if you're the first—
Though not if you're the second.

Waste not your time, nor timid be,
But while ye may, go wooing;
For many a fine piece yearns for thee—
'Tis time ye were a-screwing.
—Melvin T. Adams

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(4) Tasteful Ostentation

The Man in the office ahead of yours suddenly kicks off. Your boss gets in trouble with his next door neighbor's wife and his boss finds out about it. Your immediate superior buys a bigger car than his immediate superior. All of these situations spell trouble for your boss, but they may mean a promotion for you—a promotion which could catapult you into a whole new socio-economic stratum.

This course will teach you how to avoid that most derisive of contemporary epithets—*nouveau riche*.

Important questions which trouble all of the recently opulent will be discussed in detail. Husbands will learn the car progression (a jump from a primer-sploched '59 Chevy with foam dice dangling from the mirror to a '69 Lincoln Continental with nothing hanging from the mirror, for example, would be most inappropriate) as well as when they should purchase the traditional \$4700 Chrysler wagon that marks a Dartmouth tailgate party. For alumni wives other relevant points are examined. How long must one wait after the promotion to buy the mink? Should you househunt in the ritziest part of town, or look for some offbeat old place to show off your ingenuity, good taste, and wealth as you pour thousands into the wreck?

Even if your boss is healthy and gets on well with his boss, this course will be valuable to you. Who knows what well-timed tragedy may befall him? Tasteful Ostentation will be taught by Marvin Buttman who has recently been appointed Dean of the College. Previous to being made dean, Mr. Buttman served as an associate drill instructor in the Romance Languages Department.

Why So Pale and Wan,

Fond Lover ?

A Parody of Sir John Suckling

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?

Prithee, why so pale?

Did you forget to use a rubber,

Or did, the contraceptive fail?

Prithee, why so pale?

Why so drunk and still, young sinner?

Prithee, why so still?

What makes you think if charm won't
win her,

A fifth of vodka will?

Prithee, why so still?

Quit, quit, for shame! Young rake,
forbear—

To rape her is not cricket!

If you can't win her fair and square

Or teach her in ways wicked,
Then let her go, and frig it!

—Melvin T. Adams



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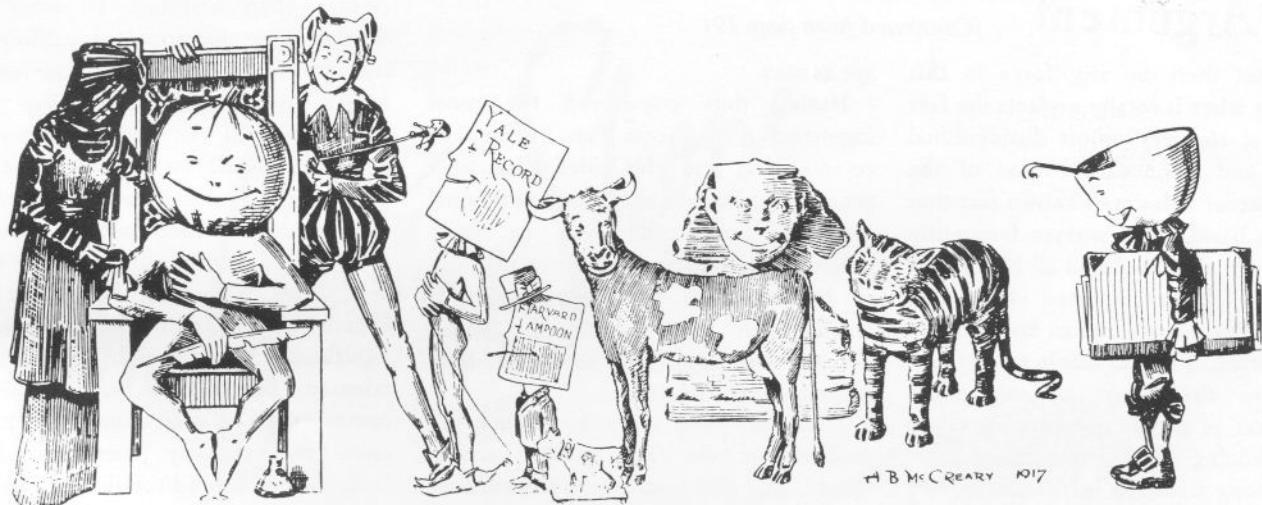
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A student who had been on strike for several weeks ran into one of his professors on the street. "You've been missing my classes quite a bit recently, haven't you?" the prof asked.

"Not in the least, sir," the protestor replied, "Not in the least."



Two men and a young lady met at a demonstration and introduced themselves. One man said, "My name is Matthew, but I'm not an apostle."

The other man said, "My name is Peter, but I'm not a saint."

The girl hesitated, then muttered, "My name is Mary, and I don't know what to say."



Back in the days when the English, not the Americans, were the Imperialistic Ogres of the World, a missionary in India was trying very hard to convert a Hindu to Christianity.

"Come, now," said the missionary, "wouldn't you like to go to Heaven when you die?"

The Hindu shook his head no. "I do not think," he said, "that Heaven can be very good, or the British would have grabbed it years ago."



In former times, people who committed adultery were stoned. Today, it's often the other way around.

Near the end of WWII, Hitler went to a fortuneteller and asked her, "On what day will I die?" The prognosticator assured der Fuhrer that he would die on a Jewish holiday. Outraged, the dictator demanded, "Why are you so sure of that?"

The gypsy replied: "Any day on which you die will be a Jewish holiday."



Two soldiers were stationed at a desert outpost, far from civilization and the fairer sex. As the weeks wore on, they began to feel their isolation more and more acutely. Finally one broke down and screamed aloud, "I'd do anything to have a broad beside me right now."

The other soldier looked at the first and said slowly, "Hell, at this point I'd walk a mile for a Camel."



The judge was giving the campus radical a rough time. "Why did you throw the pot of geraniums at the Dean?" the justice asked.

"Because of the advertisement, your honor," the bearded youth replied.

"Which advertisement?"

"Say it with flowers."



Did it ever occur to you that you

might call your sweetheart Revenge, because she is sweet? Or that a poor lawyer might be dubbed Necessity, because he knows no law? Or that a highway robber taking your watch might be named Procrastination, the thief of time? Or that devoted students might name their professor Experience, a dear teacher?

Or that this joke must have been Breast-Fed, because it sucks?



Two Emmets were debating the merits of a third. "Well, by Jeezum," the first one drawled, "I saw him break two spade handles only yesterday."

"Workin' too hard?"

"Nope—leanin' on 'em."



"God is not dead, he's merely on sabbatical."

An Argument

(Continued from page 19)

But can there be any force in this argument when it totally neglects the fate of one of Hanover's most distinguished citizens and businessmen, Moe of the Village Store? It is a well-known fact that even the bawdiest of women frequently dislike beer, and would, in all likelihood, prefer the choice imported vintages of Dan and Whit's to the robust brews of the Village Store. It is with this in mind that I appeal to the breast of any polite freethinker to deeply question his values in determining whether the Village Store and its long tradition in the Dartmouth family should be sacrificed for the benefit of the remainder of the Upper Valley's merchants. Are we so ungrateful that in a moment of sentiment for the feminine sex, we would feel no regret in substantially impairing the thriving business of Moe which has so graciously served Dartmouth men for over forty years? Are we to empty our mugs and turn our backs on the life-giving gusto of Moe's cooler simply for the sake of a few women? Any answer in the affirmative is, I think, a little unworthy in so refined an

age as ours.

Having thus considered the most important arguments in favor of co-education and the chief advantages proposed thereby, I shall now, with equal deference and submission to wiser judgments as before, proceed to mention an inconvenience that may happen if co-education is introduced, which perhaps the projectors may not have sufficiently considered.

I am very well aware how much the students of wit and learning become upset at the various bureaucratic bumbling of our present administration. Yet at the same time, these wise reformers do not consider what an advantage and felicity it is for great wits to be always provided with objects of scorn and contempt, in order to exercise and improve their talents, and divert themselves from attacking each other.

Similarly, if co-education were introduced at Dartmouth, how could the freethinkers, the strong reasoners, the liberals, and the men of profound learning be able to find another subject so

calculated in all points on which to display their abilities? To what issue would those geniuses of raillery and invective resort in order to practice their highly refined art? We are daily complaining of the great decline of wit among us; would we take away the most pressing and vital topic we have left?

Furthermore, consider all the exciting and colorful demonstrations on the Green and elsewhere that we, the student body, should be deprived of. What events of any significance would remain for the highly talented broadcasters of WDCR to comment on; on what issue of any import could the scholarly journalists of *The Daily Dartmouth* editorialize? I can think of no one objection that can possibly be raised against my conclusions.

Having thus impartially presented the most crucial aspects of the issue, I must once again profess in the sincerity of my heart that I have not the least personal interest in endeavoring to halt this change in the structure of Dartmouth. I have no other motive than the welfare of my beloved College, providing for its students, relieving the Administration and Alumni, and giving some pleasure to the faculty and the community.

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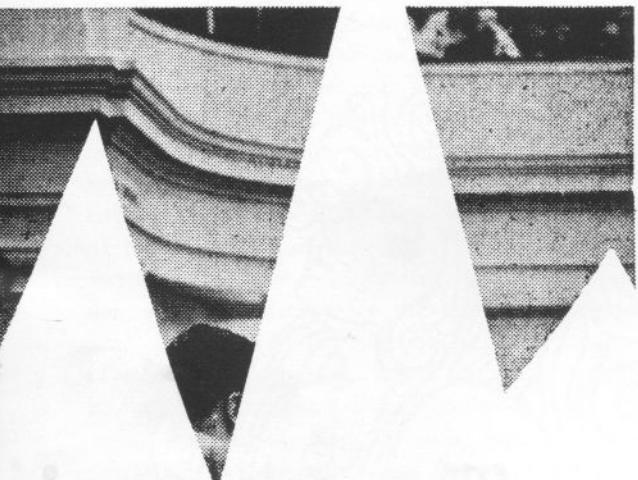
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